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Prophecies
of the
Veiled Self

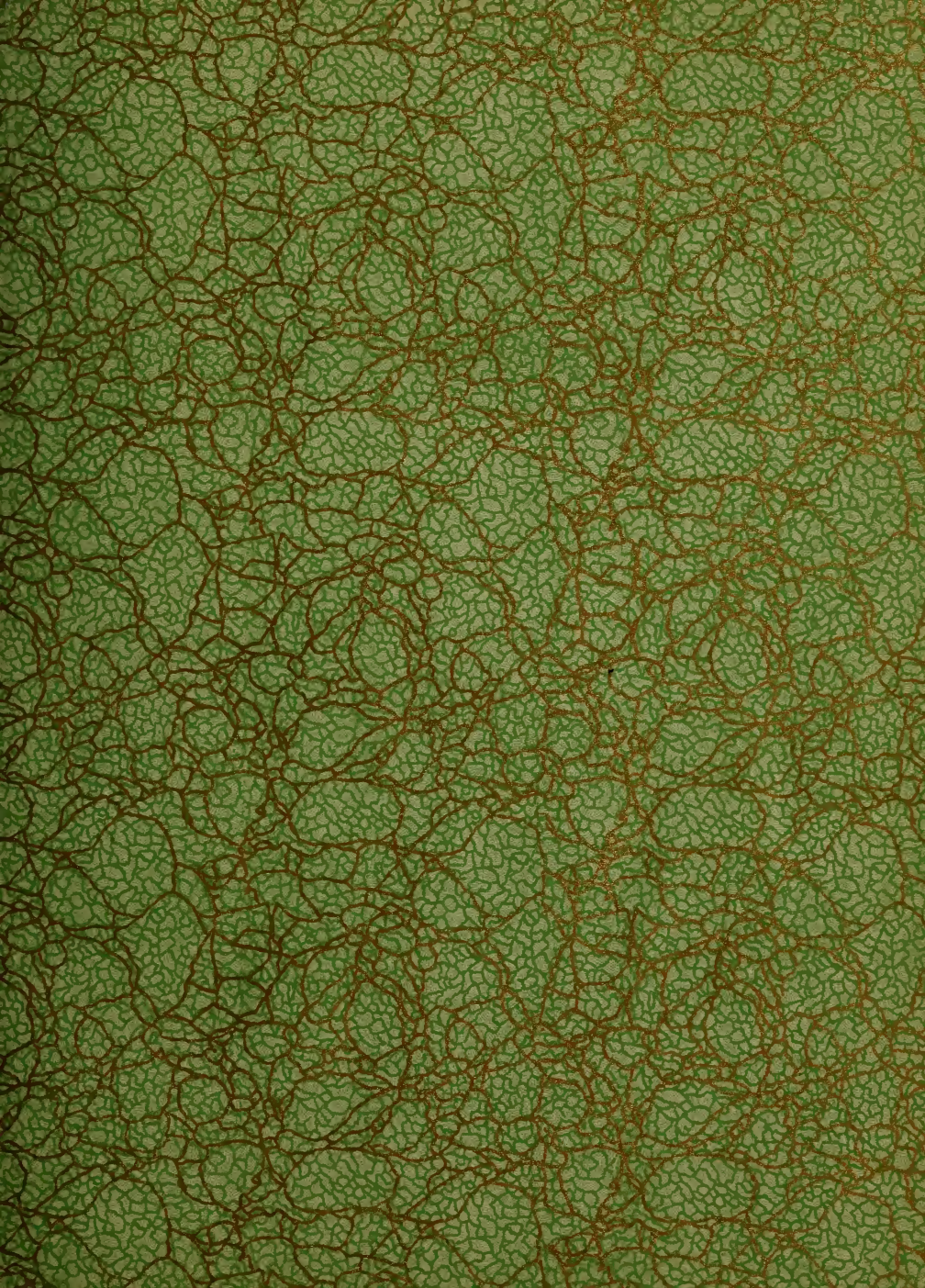


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MRS. C. M. BLACK

Prophecies of the Veiled Self

By Mrs. C. M. Black



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no 1.

This book is dedicated to all
those who will investigate the
Mysteries of Life and seek Truth
wherever it may be found.

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INTRODUCTION

I was born in central Illinois of respectable and worthy parents. My mother was a high born English lady of Episcopalian faith. My father was of Scotch descent and a Presbyterian.

I was reared in plenty and graduated from a public high school; afterward I became a teacher in the same schools I had attended, and later I was a member of the board of education, which position I held for five years, when I moved from that locality.

Perhaps the reason the experiences herein related are so late in reaching the public, is because mine has been a busy life, and such experiences were not looked upon at that time with as much favor as they are now. Because I find they are not common experiences I relate them, hoping that the veil may be lifted for some who are yet in doubt of a future existence, and that these narratives may at least quicken in them an earnest desire to know, for it has been promised:

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

For everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. *Matt. 7:7, 8.*

I have related only those experiences that can be vouched for. The dreams were had before there was any appearance or indication of their being fulfilled, and I have described of my many visions, with one exception, only those where another person saw the same vision, neither one of us knowing at the time that the other saw the same thing; and when two or more persons have seen the same thing at the same time, evidently there must have been something to see, so I offer this book to the public, trusting that it may be a special blessing to some yet in darkness, and of interest to all who will read.

The Author.

DREAMING

OLNEY HYMNS

When slumber seals our weary eyes,
The busy fancy wakeful keeps;
The scenes which then before us rise,
Proves something in us never sleeps.

As in another world we seem,
A new creation of our own;
All appears real, though a dream,
And all familiar, though unknown.

Sometimes the mind beholds again,
The past day's business in review;
Resumes the pleasure or the pain,
And sometimes all we meet is new.

* * * * *

But though our dreams are often wild,
Like clouds before the drifting storm;
Yet some, important may be styled,
Sent to admonish or inform.

What mighty agents have access,
What friends from heaven, or foes from hell,
Our minds to comfort or distress,
When we are sleeping, who can tell?

One thing at least, and 'tis enough,
We learn from this surprising fact:
Our dreams afford sufficient proof,
The soul without the flesh can act.

* * * * *

Prophecies of the Veiled Self

TWO DEATHS AND A BURIAL AT SEA

We were a party of four; an aunt, an uncle, my son and myself, and were on our return trip to America after a two months sojourn in Germany and France. We had boarded a steamship on a stormy night at Le Havre. The storm lasted for a week and on that account we were two days late in reaching New York City.

The second night out I had what I called a dream, but which was very much like a reality. Without knowing how I got there, I found myself standing on the deck unobserved by the side of the captain and the mate. They carried on a board the body of a child wrapped in canvas with a weight attached to its feet, and approaching the rail let the body slide off into the sea.

I watched them a moment and as I turned to go to my room I noticed for the first time a form clothed in black, it spoke and said, "follow me and I will show you where there will be another death before you land." I followed the figure down a stairway and along a hall that passed the door of my stateroom. As we neared my room I stopped, holding my breath in fear with my hands to my breast, for my son lay there very sick. The form passed my door, however, and I quickened my step until I was again close behind it. We went nearly to the forward end of the ship when we stopped. As I drew quite close the door of the room we stood before swung open, and there on a couch lay the body of a man dressed in his clothes. A sheet was drawn down over him to his knees leaving the rest of his limbs uncovered. I have no knowledge or remembrance of how I reached my room again.

PROPHECIES OF THE VEILED SELF

In the morning while still in our stateroom I related my dream to my aunt, saying it seemed so very real, as if I really was standing beside the two men, and walked behind the spectre. She laughingly said, "that was a queer dream; whatever induced such a dream?" and I answered, what induces any dream? She finished dressing and left the room. I went to wait upon my seasick son; after a few minutes she returned all excited saying, "Cal, they did bury a child at sea last night—at midnight, a child in the steerage had died and the captain and mate buried it as you saw in your dream."

I then became as surprised and excited as she was, and said, now let us watch and see if a man dies! As time went on the storm continued; almost every one was more or less sick; a baby was born.

Friday morning, a day after we should have landed and a week out, the sky cleared, the sun shone and the sea became smooth and unruffled. Everybody on deck was glad to be once more in the delicious pure atmosphere; and so we sat around, or walked and talked until called to the noon meal, after which we went again to the deck.

While sitting by my uncle a man passed by saying, "did you know the doctor of the ship was dead?" My uncle smiled and said, "dead, asleep likely, I was talking with him this morning!" The man said, "no—really, they went to call him to lunch, and there he sat, paper in hand—dead!" I jumped up and sought my aunt; she also had learned of the doctor's death and was seeking me. Together we went to the room pictured in my dream, but there being no name on the door as we had expected, and as is customary with officers of a ship, I said, this can't be his room, there is no name here, so we went over to the other side and there found a stewardess cleaning a room, and we asked,

TWO DEATHS AND A BURIAL AT SEA

where is the doctor's room? She replied, "on the other side corresponding to this room." But, I said, there is no name on the door, and she replied, "his is a double room with a door opening on the deck near where the hospital is, his name is on the outside door." We returned to the room and entered, and there as the spectre had shown me, lay the doctor's form as I had seen it in my dream. We were then within twenty-four hours of landing. The doctor's body was taken to New York, and then to Hoboken where it was buried.

This happened in September, 1885.

PROPHECIES OF THE VEILED SELF

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE AS A SPEAKER

At the time I received the prophecy herein related I was living in Omaha.

One Saturday night I dreamed I was in the room of a private house, where I saw a casket containing the remains of a woman. At the head of the casket sat four persons, members of the woman's family. Opposite were some people I was wont to sing with at a little progressive society located near my home. I heard sung the song, "Something Sweet to Think Of," then the reading of the poem, "There Is No Death," and then a discourse. As I listened I thought, how beautiful and how different from most services of this kind, and I tried to see who the speaker was. Presently I saw myself standing as if I had been the speaker. I was surprised and wondered, and became partially aroused. Again I lapsed into semi-consciousness, and I saw myself standing at an open grave on the side of a hill; as I looked around to see who was there I noticed two members of our little society opposite me on the other side of the grave. We sang "In The Sweet Bye and Bye," and then I heard a benediction given in the form of a poem.

The next day being Sunday, and my letter writing day, I related my dream in letters to two of my friends, one in the far east and the other in Illinois. The following Tuesday, two days later, the president of our society called upon me. He told me there was a lady from Washington visiting her daughter in Omaha.

She had pneumonia and felt that she was going to die, and had requested her daughter not to send her body to Washington but to bury it in Omaha, and to have some spiritual or liberal services held over her remains.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE AS A SPEAKER

The daughter was directed to the president of our society. He called upon the sick lady and told her we had no regular minister or speaker, but that we had good music, and also spoke of me as the leader. She asked to see me, and said a poem and some music was all that would be needed. So he came to me again and delivered his message. I said, that is the fulfilment of a dream I have had, and I related it to him.

I called upon the lady that afternoon, the Tuesday following my dream of Saturday, and found her a perfect stranger to me. The daughter met me cordially at the door, and after I had introduced myself said her mother would be glad to see me, but that she was asleep, and asked me to come in and wait. I did so and sat down at the bedside of the sleeper.

Having been much with sick people I soon recognized that she was in that comatose condition that is generally the beginning of the long sleep. I sat a while and then excused myself, saying I would call again. The woman died that night. The president of our society was requested to take charge of the funeral services.

I notified the singers and they met at my house Wednesday evening for practice. I related to them my dream. Among our number was a Mr. Wright who had proved to be quite a Bible scholar, and it was decided he should do the speaking. He was a molder in the U. P. shops, and we soon discovered the funeral was to be on one of the three days of the week when he had work. He said he could not attend the funeral, although the society offered to pay him for his time. We said, well, if the Powers that Be have planned the program they will have to be there and provide what may be needed.

The funeral services were held the afternoon of the next day. When we were seated the arrangement was just as I had seen it in my dream. Some notes concerning the woman's

PROPHECIES OF THE VEILED SELF

life and her requests were read, and then we sang, "Something Sweet to Think Of."

Something sweet to think of in this world of care;
Tho' dear friends have left us, they bright spirits are;
Something sweet to dream of, hark! the angels say,
Call them not back again, they are with you every day.
With you in the twilight, with you in the morn,
With you in the sunlight, with you in the storm;
With you ever, evermore, hear the angels say,
Call them not back again, they are with you every day.

* * * * *

I then read the poem, "There Is No Death." When I had finished I felt a peculiar sensation, like gently moving air settling over me, until I seemed enveloped in it and floating away. A prayer was breathed through me in which all the members of the family, both present and absent, were included. Then followed an address with this for a text:

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art
with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Psalms 23:4.

It was pronounced by all a beautiful discourse.

As we stood by the open grave at the cemetery I noticed we were on the side of a hill, and that opposite on the other side of the grave were two persons as I had seen them in my dream. We sang "In The Sweet Bye and Bye," and as the music swelled, I again went floating, floating, and a benediction was given in a poem.

People thought I was a regular preacher, but it was the first funeral service at which I delivered an address, and the only preparation I had was made after my dream of the Saturday night previous.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE AS A SPEAKER

I rode home in a wondering condition of mind, and the first thing I did on reaching there was to write to each of my friends again telling them to read my letter of the previous Sunday, for that very afternoon my prophetic dream had been fulfilled in every detail.

My friend in the east was acquainted with the editor of a paper called *Alcyone*, published at Springfield, Mass. He printed extracts from each letter under the heading, "How My Dream Came True," in the issue of February 15, 1891. It came to the notice of a professor in Harvard University who was a member of the Society for Psychical Research. He obtained both letters, certified statements from the president of the society and others, and an account of the circumstances appeared in the journal of the society, published in London, in the spring of 1891.

They sent a copy to me which I loaned; it was never returned, therefore I cannot tell in which issue of the journal it appeared.

PROPHECIES OF THE VEILED SELF

AN UNEXPECTED CALL FOR SERVICE

Shortly after my experience in Omaha I again visited Dreamland.

I seemed to be in a strange place in the country, and in the room of a house where there had been a death. I noticed a small white casket on a stand in a corner of the room and do not now remember any other details, but when I afterward related my dream I remarked, I wonder if that means another funeral service for me!

Soon afterward I moved back to my former home in Illinois. Weeks went by filled with the cares of moving and getting settled and my dream was forgotten. Fall came, and with it the husband of a friend of mine, who requested me to go and act as a companion, and take charge of his wife, who was afflicted with a mental trouble.

I agreed to do so, and it was arranged that we and her mother should go to Colfax Springs, Colfax, Iowa, and try the waters and see if a sojourn there would help her.

One Sunday while we were there the proprietor of the hotel where we were stopping came to me and said, "you are wanted in the parlor." I went down to the parlor, and seeing no one there but a strange gentleman I turned to leave, when he stepped up to me and asked, "are you Mrs. Black?" I replied, I am, whereupon he said, "my brother's family have lost a child, and wish you to conduct the funeral services this afternoon." I started with a look of surprise and said, why, I never do anything of that kind! He looked at me strangely and asked again, "are you not Mrs. C. McCall Black?" I answered, yes. Then it dawned upon me that he probably had seen my name among

AN UNEXPECTED CALL FOR SERVICE

the arrivals at the hotel, and that perhaps he had learned in some way of what I had done at Omaha, so I said, well, I never have officiated in that way but once, after it had all been shown to me in a dream.

He said, "well, if you would only come and assist, we would be so glad." I answered I would be pleased to do anything I could, and asked him if he could send to me a lady singer, contralto or alto; he said he could, and that he would also send a carriage for us at two o'clock. The young lady came as he had promised and we practiced some songs I had selected. A carriage came for us at the appointed time and my sick friend and her mother also went with us. We seemed to be a little late in arriving. The residence was on the outskirts of town, and was quite a nice looking farm place, with a large open space or lot between the road and the house that was filled with vehicles.

The person who met us at the door directed me and the singer to a room at the left of the entrance, and the other two ladies to another room.

When I sat down in the chair I was to occupy, I saw in a corner of the room on a stand a little white casket like the one I had seen in my forgotten dream several weeks before.

A peculiar sensation came over me as the recollection of my dream came vividly to me. I looked around to see who I was to assist when someone touched me on the shoulder and said, "you can begin any time Mrs. Black, we are all ready." I turned with a thumping heart to the singer and asked, what shall we sing first? She replied, "My Babe." We sang that beautiful song, which I had unconsciously selected with other music and brought with us to Colfax.

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Then, of my own volition, my very own self, I began a prayer which was taken up after the first few words by the Father within. In the hour of your trial take no thought how or what you shall speak,

—for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak.

For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you. *Matt. 10:19-20.*

When I had finished I sat down, and as soon as I became composed we sang again.

As there was no undertaker in charge I requested those who would like to take a last look at the body to pass around and out at the front door, and I passed out with the first to leave.

When my sick friend reached my side again she caught me by the arm and said, "how could you do it?" I answered, I didn't, Liz, it was the other fellow! We got into the carriage and the driver started up the horses. I said, oh, don't go forward, we are strangers and can drop in line anywhere. He replied, as he stopped the team, "I thought the man ahead beckoned to me," then the man beckoned again, and the mother said, "why of course, we have the preacher." Half frightened, I said, oh my! they will expect something at the grave.

When we arrived at the cemetery it seemed everybody alighted and hitched their horses. We paused at the grave until some one brought lines to lower the coffin. I said, while we are waiting let everybody join in singing "The Sweet Bye and Bye." They did so, after which I voiced a poem as a benediction.

AN UNEXPECTED CALL FOR SERVICE

A weekly paper, the Colfax Motor, of October 18, 1891, reported, "A most beautiful service was conducted by Mrs. C. McCall Black of Canton, Illinois, at the home Sunday afternoon."

I did not see or talk with any of the family, but the mother of the child very soon after wrote me a beautiful letter of thanks, and enclosed a photograph of her little Harold.

With her permission I give the following extract from her letter:

* * * It seems to me that your gifts are rare and beautiful, and that you ought to have time to cultivate them and give the world the benefit. An instrument through which the angels can speak. Oh! what a glorious thought. Child of their adoption treasure your birthright; walk humbly before them, let not fashion, avarice or worldly gain ever come between you and the divine fountain from which you draw such precious words of wisdom, comfort, and instruction. Go forward in your divine mission. Dry the tear of the mourner, bind up the broken heart, thus laying up treasures above, securing an eternal inheritance in the Father's House of Many Mansions, and a home among the good and true. Let your sweet light shine in the darkness, carry joy and gladness to some stricken heart or home, and thus bring to your own soul its due reward of duty well performed. So, with gratitude and love blended in one sweet chord of harmony.

Truly yours,

MRS. MARY C. TURNER

PROPHECIES OF THE VEILED SELF

LOCATING THIEVES AND STOLEN ARTICLES

I will now relate a different kind of experience; one where I saw and did things connected with an event which had already occurred. I will state only facts and not mention names.

On returning to my home with my son one evening after a ride, I found thieves had ransacked the house and had left the contents of drawers removed from dressers, scattered over the floor. Naturally we were much excited. I quieted my son and got him to bed; then I went into an adjoining room and sat down and asked mentally, that if it was right, and I could bring good from the knowledge, that I be shown what was needed to reach the thieves and recover my things. Very soon a picture of two boys from sixteen to eighteen years of age came before my mental vision. I recognized one whom I had seen but I did not know the other. The vision in a manner frightened me and I got up and left the room, excited and wondering. I busied myself picking up things until I became calm again, and thought, how foolish I was to be frightened at what I had asked for; so I again went to the room and sat down and said mentally, if what has been shown to me is true, show it to me again. In a short time the same picture again appeared. I sat still and was mentally instructed to go to the brother of the boy I had recognized, and tell him what I knew, and to request him to have my things returned, and that if they were restored I would do nothing against the boys, nor tell anyone about the theft. I was also told not to go to the thief himself, because he had an ugly disposition and would of course deny my accusation; but, that if his brother would go to him and tell him what I knew he could not well deny it.

LOCATING THIEVES AND STOLEN ARTICLES

The next day I followed instructions and saw the brother and told him to see his brother and tell him that I knew he had entered my house, but that if he would restore my things nothing would be said or done about it.

The second day after I had seen the brother he came to me with word that his brother knew nothing of the affair, and could prove that he was somewhere else at that time, but that his brother had not been home since he had spoken to him about it. While he was talking to me I saw a sort of shed, and a pile of wood with some empty boxes and barrels on top of it.

I asked him if they had such a shed and pile of wood upon their place, and he answered, "yes." I said, you go home and lift off those boxes, remove a few sticks of wood and you will find some of my things. One thing I want particularly is a necklace with an onyx locket, in which there was some hair work with pictures of my parents. I continued, the pictures have been removed but the hair work is still there, and I will stake my life upon it that the pictures have been thrown into your water closet.

He went home and did as I had told him. While he was hunting in the wood pile his mother came to him to learn what he was doing, and he told her. She joined him in the search and they found my things as I had indicated. The mother brought them to me and asked if that was all that had been stolen, or if more had been taken. I said yes, that more things had been stolen but that the other boy had them. The pictures were gone as I had said, but the hair work remained. It was fine work on pearl and not generally recognized as hair work. I could not tell her who the other boy was. She felt very badly, and said her boy had not been home since he had been accused of the theft. I told her that I was very sorry, and that I did

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not intend to have the boys punished. Then she asked how I knew who the thieves were, and I told her. She said, "I always told my boys an All Seeing Eye could see all they did."

A few days later she came to me again and said her boy had not yet returned home, and asked me if I could tell her where he was. I replied, oh! no, I wish I could—when all at once I saw a city, and a large shop with some kind of machinery in it and her boy working in the shop. I told her what I saw and she seemed satisfied. Before a week went by she came to me again and told me she had received a letter from her son, and that he was working in the car shops at Moline. I told her to write to him and tell him not to have any fear of me, and that I would not do him any harm. I don't know whether he ever came home; I heard he came to a bad end in Texas, and his mother died of pneumonia the following winter.

Now as to the other boy and the things he had stolen.

One night it seemed in a dream that I was talking to someone, and they said to me, "if you will follow directions, and not put the law on the boy we will tell you how to do to get the rest of your things." I promised to abide strictly by what was told me. Then as if a hand wrote on a wall I read a letter; I remember the wording; then I saw a name and address I did not recognize. Suffice to say, that in the morning I wrote the letter as I had seen it, addressed the envelope as had been shown me, and mailed it.

All that day and the next day I was nervous when the bell rang or any one came to the door, but nothing occurred that was in any way connected with my letter.

In a dream two nights afterward I saw a package put near our wood pile and chips drawn up around it. I dressed hurriedly in the morning and went directly to the wood pile. I scratched

LOCATING THIEVES AND STOLEN ARTICLES

among a little pile of chips and there found the balance of my stolen articles, and a letter from the other boy, saying he had returned all he had in his possession, and that he was glad I had told him no one suspicioned him, and thanked me for not putting the law on him, as it was his first and last offense, and that he would stand on guard until I got the things. He signed himself, "Your friend forever, A Robber." I hear he is now a respectable young man and working honestly for a living. I have not revealed his name to anyone and never will, and I never think of this experience without seeing his name before me in big black letters. If this ever falls into his hands he will recognize the truth of what I have written.

Such things are some of the Mysteries of Life. We are fearfully and wonderfully made, and there is no limitation to ways for recourse or gaining knowledge.

PROPHECIES OF THE VEILED SELF

TWO REVELATIONS IN ONE FAMILY

PART I.

In the fall of 1892 I had another prophetic dream in which I saw an old acquaintance sicken and die. I saw the funeral and the people, and heard the service that was given and the songs that were sung. As I looked at the speaker I saw it was myself. The friend I am writing about was up and around when I had this dream. I told it to some of my neighbors and friends and said, now let us watch but not tell anyone, for I would not have the family know of my dream, but I believe something will happen so that I will be asked to conduct a funeral service.

In a week or so the man was taken sick and confined to his bed. Time ran on for four or five weeks when an interesting experience came to us both, which I will describe later.

When the time for his departure arrived, as had been given to me, I said to my neighbor, now tonight is the time for his passing on, and I am going to the house and sit up with him, and I did so. He passed peacefully away as had been given to me.

In the morning before departing for my home the eldest son said to me, "I wish you would look up some music for the funeral service, you know what would please father," and I said I would. The deceased had been a pioneer Spiritualist. I told the son I had a Spiritual paper from which they could select a speaker located near by, as I knew they would not have an orthodox minister. Just then the mother, who was sick in a room above, gave a signal for some one to come; I said, your mother is calling. The son ran up stairs and soon returned saying, "Mother says father made the request not to send for

TWO REVELATIONS IN ONE FAMILY

any one, but just to have you do what you could." I said, oh well, we will not talk about that until the other children come home. I will look after the music and come back tonight.

I went from the house of mourning to one of my friends who knew about my dream and said, well, it has happened, Mr. P. is gone and we are to sing at the funeral service. So we practiced the songs I had heard sung in my dream.

That evening I returned to the home of my deceased friend. Absent members of the family had arrived, and all had decided they would rather have me read something, and do what I felt was best, than to have a stranger. I said, well, if you won't tell anyone who is going to conduct the services I will do the best I can; but I did not tell them about my dream, nor why I was so willing to serve them until the funeral was all over. I learned afterward of a previous conversation they had with their doctor, in which they told him they hoped I would receive inspiration, knowing about the two other events at Omaha and Colfax, which I have related. The doctor, who was a liberal and broad minded man, but without much knowledge or faith in such things, determined that if there was anything inspirational given he would have a copy, so, unknown to anyone he engaged a stenographer and secured an accurate report of all that was said and done. Suffice to say all transpired as I, the Veiled Self, had prophesied.

I had not been home long after the funeral before a reporter called to obtain a copy of the address, and said those who were present had pronounced it fine, and that others who were not present had asked for it. I told him I could not give him any notes because I had none, and that I could tell him only the subject. He said, "oh well, you can give me the main points." I said I was sorry, but that I could not. He left, and I felt he

PROPHECIES OF THE VEILED SELF

thought I was falsifying. Soon another reporter called and made the same request and I had to answer him in the same way. Later a messenger brought a note requesting me to come to the bereaved family. I went, and upon my arrival they said, "Dr. C. had a stenographer here at the funeral and the reporters want the notes." I replied, is that so? Well, all I have to say is this: I would like to have them read to you, and if you think they are as the address was given, then they are your property to do as you please with.

The doctor brought the notes to the house; they were read and pronounced correct and given to a reporter. A report of the services with the address was published in The Canton Register of November 5, 1892. The invocation and address appear as part two of this narrative.

I will now relate the interesting experience referred to, which came to both my friend and I while he lay ill, two weeks before his demise.

I dreamed I was at his bedside with one of his daughters; he was apparently asleep. I saw several attendants working around him that were not of the family, nor of Earth. I watched very interestedly, but feeling all the while that I was unobserved. Four of the attendants carried my friend's double—as it were, on a sort of cot or litter while his body still lay on the bed. I followed still unobserved. Soon my friend raised up, and looking around saw the spiritual forms, but he said nothing and laid down. Very soon he raised himself again, and jumping off the litter exclaimed, "no use to carry me, I never felt better in my life," and proceeded to walk beside the others. I still followed, and we came to what seemed to be the entrance to a beautiful park; my inner consciousness said to me, "You can go no farther." They passed on in and I waited and

TWO REVELATIONS IN ONE FAMILY

watched awhile. Inside the park and not far from the entrance was an individual who saw the new arrivals; he came forward and greeted my friend. They tarried in conversation and then moved on. Some distance farther there was standing another group of people, two of whom came forward and also greeted my friend. I felt I must not remain longer, and wondering if the family had yet learned their father had passed on, I returned to the house—to find all as I had left it. After awhile my sick friend with a long drawn breath opened his eyes and said, “oh! why did I have to come back?” I have no recollection of how I found my own home in the dream. In the morning I was so impressed that I thought I would go and see how my friend was, and tell the family my dream. When I reached the sick chamber I found the daughter at her father’s bedside. She said, “father has just been telling me of a dream he has had.” I remarked, is that so? I came to tell you of one I have had also; let me tell you mine first. As I related my dream he would interrupt me with remarks confirming what I said, and when I spoke of some one coming to greet him he said, “yes, that was Dr. Wright”; and again, when I mentioned the two who came forward, “yes, that was Frank Lermond and Sam Nutt.” The daughter exclaimed, “isn’t that wonderful! It is just like what he has been telling me.”

Was this experience only a dream, or was it an actual spirit flight? Each one must answer for himself.

Following are the invocation and address given at the funeral service.

PROPHECIES OF THE VEILED SELF

PART II.

INVOCATION

O, Thou great and infinite source of all light and life, our Father and Mother God, we approach Thee with tender feelings at this time. Thou Creator and Ruler of the Universe, through whose divine wisdom every atom is molded, and through whose divine law all things are moved to their proper place. We feel to bless Thee for the manifold blessings given to us. We bless Thee for the gift of Life and all its many changes, even for this beautiful change we call death, which we understand not. We bless Thee for Thy wondrous love manifested every day in the beautiful changes in all nature around us. And though all else change, Thou alone art changeless. O God, Thou hast seemingly cast a shadow—as we term it, over some of our lives, but we, knowing Thee as Thou art, and looking beyond this vale and shadow, see Thy bright light and know there is naught to fear. We would ask special counsel and guidance for those who are yet in darkness, that the light of truth may be theirs. We ask Thy ministering ones to draw very near to her whose companion has gone so fittingly on before to prepare his home, and once again receive her to his bosom as his bride. Be with her in her affliction and loneliness. And, oh, we thank Thee for the fortitude and belief that is her support, as it was his, in their declining years.

And these young mothers, may they be susceptible to Thy divine guidance, and may they feel the responsibilities that are given them in these little buds of life that come into their homes, that they in turn may give unto them such care and training as will enable them to unfold into beautiful blossoms of manhood and womanhood, ornaments to society and fit temples for Thy divine presence.

And these young men thrown into the vicissitudes of life, with dangers and snares on every side, into all temptations and

TWO REVELATIONS IN ONE FAMILY

among all grades of life that their varied paths will lead them, may they be so constituted and so susceptible in their sense of right from wrong, that in all their experiences they may draw only unto themselves that which will be elevating and uplifting to their souls. But ever may they be mindful, however low, however degraded a brother may be, yet may they lend assistance, remembering ever he is a brother, and that we are all of one family.

May Thy blessings rest on this community, these friends and this neighborhood, who with all kindness come to us in our hour of need, ministering unto us and bringing consolation.

We bless Thee that this life that has gone on to higher fields of labor was permitted to live in this place, shedding his light of truth around him, and may he be permitted to return to his family, bringing the new lessons of life he is now learning.

Abide with us all evermore.

ADDRESS

“An honest man is the noblest work of God.” An honest man, my friends, *is* the noblest work of God; and such a one was our brother who has just passed on before, whose garment is left here, this body of clay, to be tenderly returned to Mother Earth from whence it came. He was brave, fearless and firm in his convictions of truth. My friends, it takes a brave man to be an honest man. Strange that this is so, yet you know it is a fact. He was honest to himself, therefore he was honest to his God. He was honest to himself, therefore he was honest to his neighbor, for, my friends, if to yourself you are just and true, then a good to your neighbor you will also do. But there comes a thought wave from some source to me: He was a Spiritualist, he did not believe in a God. All I have to say, my friends, is, judge not; especially, judge not that of which you know nothing.

PROPHECIES OF THE VEILED SELF

No, he did not believe in the God of the orthodox faith. No, he did not believe in that personal God, limited to space and figure. His was a broader, grander, truer conception of the Eternal One. This might have satisfied the mind of his youth, but as his soul expanded, as he grew day by day and saw in all the beauties of nature that surrounded him God's manifestations and handiwork, lo! I am here, and lo! I am there, was whispered to his soul from all sides, and he believed in a Father and Creator of the *Universe*. One that is Omnipotent and Omnipresent in the fullest meaning of those terms. Think of it, my friends, Omnipotent and Omnipresent, and then in their fullest conception, such was the God of his belief—in all—of all—in you, in me; in the flower that wafts its fragrance in the air, in the bird that carols so sweetly—that flies without a seeming care; in the beast that howls and growls in the forest wild, in the little child and its angelic smile, in the sea and all that in it be; in the babbling brook that joins its mate to form the river wide; in the grass beneath your feet, in the tree whose shade you seek,—in all, of all, “one grand stupendous whole, whose body Nature is and God the soul”; such was the God of his belief. Such was the God of his church if you will, and of creed, if aught of creed there be, it is the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all humanity. Ah! my friends, deeds not words is what tells. Good principles of honor and justice acted upon each day, instead of long written creeds, is what will count in the church of the great future. And, my friends, God has promised certain gifts to His children, and among them is this: “And to some shall be given the gift of discerning spirits.” Where could a more fitting one be found for this gift than our brother, an honest man? And he enjoyed the blessing of this grand and glorious gift from God, of discerning spirits, and he was true to the light it gave him, and through the exercise of this great blessing to

TWO REVELATIONS IN ONE FAMILY

man, his faith was enabled to ripen into a knowledge of the immortality of the soul, and he held to his banner proudly, and gave out the truth and light as 'twas given to him. But, my friends in time past it brought him scoffing—this exercise of God's promised gift; it brought him jeers, it brought him contempt, it brought him slander, yet all these years he stood by his colors bravely—he walked by the light given him, and well did it comfort him in his passing out. I remember but a few days ago, as you count time, it was my pleasure to hear the following conversation: One of the children was depressed at seeing the father go, and said, "Oh! father, I could be resigned if I thought you were happy," and taking the words from her lips, he said: "Happy, why I am perfectly happy; why shouldn't I be happy?" "Yes, but father, if I could feel you had no fear to cross the River—you know what I mean," and he looked with surprise and almost with disdain as he replied: "Fear! I have no fear; why should I fear? I have lived an honest life, I have done as good as I could with my conditions and surroundings, what should I fear? It is not like going out on a blind faith or hope, I may say, I *know*." Oh! my friends, what means such faith from an honest dying man, and the visions given him, too beautiful for his power of language to tell? It means my friends, that God's promises are being fulfilled. To us, it is proof of immortality. Is there aught for scoff or jeer? Ah! well, may such as he go forth with peace and joy. And if there is aught to regret in the going out, it is as a child who leaves home for the first time on a pleasure trip; on the eve of its departure it clings to its parents and home. It is only indicative of the love nature within the child for its own, and remember my friends, "God is Love."

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And so today we bid him Godspeed. We come to pay our last duty and respect to the form in which walked so many years and days the spirit we knew and loved so well, but which has now entered upon a higher plane of life. May he be able to return to his home and friends, bringing with him new lessons of truth, and coming from him, may we receive what he can give.

PART III.

Shortly after the event of my friend passing away I dreamed I was standing at the corner of the family lot in the cemetery. There was a more numerous collection of friends than on the occasion of his burial, and as I stood there I saw in a wide open grave two caskets side by side. A benediction was given; instinctively I knew it was for Mrs. P., who, it will be remembered, was lying ill at the time of her husband's death. I did not see anything like a funeral in my dream, but the day of her departure was impressed upon my mind. So ended my dream. Early in the morning of that day I was sent for by the family. I went immediately to the house, where I remained until Mrs. P. passed away, a few hours later.

I said nothing about my dream to the family until one of the daughters asked me, "Cal, didn't you get anything concerning mother, when you got so much about father?" I answered, yes, and then told them my dream, but that I had not seen anything like arrangements for the funeral. She exclaimed, "well, of course, we will want you to do for mother as you did for father." Then one of the family spoke and said, "of course the caskets cannot be placed side by side, but we will build another sepulcher adjoining." I said, yes, I know that, for Charley told me when you father was buried that you would do so, but in my dream I saw the caskets side by side.

TWO REVELATIONS IN ONE FAMILY

When the excavation was made for interment it was found that the cement forming the father's sepulcher had not hardened, on account of there having been so much rain and wet weather during the period of six weeks between the two transitions, so they opened it and made it larger, and as I stood on the identical spot where I had seen myself in my dream, I could look down and see the two caskets side by side. A large crowd had gathered, for a number who were not in attendance before had perhaps come to see and hear one officiate at such a time who was not accustomed to perform such a service.

The following was the benediction given at the interment:

"And now we bid farewell to the form. It was all we knew, forgetting in our ignorance it was only the manifestation, that which the spirit is expressed through; so we lay it away, for it had become worn, and we could not see like her the new garments that had come, and we will not regret or in selfishness cry, when thou art borne in new garments to homes of light still nigh, and we'll ever remember there are no dead, but beautiful changes for all instead. And we pray, O God, that we may grow in spiritual ways and knowledge, that we may know when these dear presences, by us unseen, may be felt and recognized oh, so keen; so clear to our understanding may their messages of love and truth come, we can but rejoice when we think of father and mother in their spirit home. No strange land can it ever be to us, with a father and mother there to meet us, in whom we feel so much of love and trust. And now, oh angels, source only of gladness, wipe each tear away and dispel the clouds of sadness, be with each and all, guide each one in his way, and turn all to a path of right and duty, day by day."

* * * As the daughter of Mr. P. mentioned by the author in this narrative, I am pleased to endorse as correct and truthful the incidents related, and statements she has made.

MRS. P. C. NORTON, nee BLANCHE P.

GOD'S PERPETUAL INSPIRATION

BY JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.

* * * * *

“By the Almighty’s inspiration,
Still is understanding given”;
To each age its revelation;
To each time its word from Heaven.

To us in the radiant Present,
As to centuries old and dim,
God still lives, and earnest spirits
Still, as ever, speak through Him.

* * * * *

Nor to fishermen of the Present
Are God’s gifts by measure doled,
But He pours them forth as freely
As on James and John of old.

Never dries the holy fountain,
And the stream is never low;
Nor do ages, in their passage,
Check the heavenly spirits flow.

As from out the germ the leaflet,
From the bud the radiant flower,
So still fairer revelations
Are unfolding every hour.

* * * * *

Perish then the old dead letter,
While the passing years unroll
Teachings for each new condition
Of the still expanding Soul.

VISIONS

VISION I.

It will perhaps be interesting to the reader if I tell of some spiritual visions I have had, when another person saw the same thing, neither of us knowing at the time that the other had had a similar vision.

I had been caring for the home of some friends who had been visiting in California. While on the train, and on the day they arrived home, they saw in a newspaper a notice of the death of a young lady friend whom they had visited while in California, and who had since died in Chicago. The funeral services were to be held the following day. After the arrival home of my friends the lady referred to the death notice they had seen and said: "Her people are Theosophists, and she is to be cremated. If you have never been to a Theosophical service go with us to the funeral." I did so. We went early and investigated the crematory and the way it was operated until time for the services.

A Hindu swami made the principal address. While he was speaking I saw the spirit form of a young lady standing between him and the casket; she was dressed all in white and wore a bridal veil. No message or word was conveyed to me, and I saw no other spirit forms. When I found an opportunity I went and looked at the remains, thinking the vision I saw might be the person in the casket, and sure enough it was—the same face, but the spirit face looked fresher and better than the face in the casket. On our way home I said to my friends, I am going to tell you what I saw, although there was no communication or anything else given that could be considered as a test, but you have faith in me, and you know I am telling you only the truth; and I told them what I had seen. My friends

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wondered why she appeared with a bridal veil, and of course I did not know either. I returned to my own home and in the course of two weeks my lady friend wrote to me saying: "You thought there was no test in the vision you had at Miss G.'s funeral. Let me tell you, I called on the mother of the young lady, and I could not resist telling her of your vision; when I had finished she remarked, she is the second person who saw the same thing." I asked her why her daughter had appeared with a bridal veil, and she said, 'had she lived she would have been married at that time, but it became necessary to perform another operation upon her head, from which she died.' "

VISION II.

Another incident quite similar to the one I have just related occurred while I sat at the bedside of a lady friend who was dying. I saw a pair of hands manipulating over her head, and as I watched, the form of another lady came gradually into view. I wondered who it could be, and as if in answer to my mental query it came into my mind that she was a sister of the one just passing away, and that she had been in spirit life a long time. Presently the spirit form of the husband of the dying lady came forward impulsively; I recognized him, but he was waved away by the spirit lady with the thought, "not yet, she is neither mortal or spirit, but in transition, and a greeting too soon would be confusing." He vanished—just melted away. I still kept my silent watch, for once before in my life I had seen a spirit depart from its body and take its flight. After a time the husband came again and stood right between a son and a daughter who sat on the opposite side of the bed. The daughter gave an exclamation of "Oh!" and laid her hand right upon him. I thought to myself, she has felt a presence. The mother that moment

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passed away. All left the room excepting the doctor, the nurse and myself. The doctor said to me: "What a wonderful power was present, you felt it and saw something, didn't you?" I assented with my eyes only, for the nurse knew nothing of such things, and the family were Presbyterians. But the nurse stepped up to me and said: "Oh yes, Mrs. Black, if you saw anything please tell us." I replied I had seen something and would tell them what it was, if they would promise not to tell the family, as they had their own belief, which they had the right to enjoy, and that I did not want to press my experience and belief upon the notice of anyone; so I told the doctor and nurse what I had seen. None of us knew whether the lady ever had a sister or not. I also told them when the husband and father appeared the second time, how he came between the son and the daughter, and I described his appearance, the watch chain that he wore, and how the daughter had made an exclamation of surprise, as if she felt some power or presence. That night the nurse stayed with the daughter. In the night the daughter said to the nurse: "I must tell you what I saw when Mama died. Papa came right between brother and myself. I saw him as plain as I ever did." She described him as I had done. The nurse said: "Oh, Kitty, tell Mrs. Black what you saw when you see her," and she said she would. The nurse said to me afterward that while she believed what I had told her, still it did not affect her as it did when the daughter told her the same thing, for the daughter knew nothing of my vision, and I did not know that she had seen anything. Sunday evening, the day following the death, I went again to the home and found the same persons there. The nurse said: "Kitty, tell Mrs. Black what you saw when your mother died," and she did so. I was surprised and rejoiced. Then the doctor and nurse both said: "Now Mrs. Black, you tell what you saw." The daughter had seen only the second appearance of her father. When I

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told them I got the impression that the spirit lady helping to release the spirit of their mother was her sister, long since passed to spirit life, the son spoke up and said to his sister: "That must have been Aunt Kitty, the one you were named for." She had been gone some fifty years. Although all were Presbyterians they remarked how perfectly natural it was for the husband to come and greet his wife.

The daughter is still living and gave me permission to publish this incident. The doctor and nurse also are living.

VISION III.

This short story will illustrate what is claimed by many to be possible, *i. e.*, to see the spirit form of one who is still living in the flesh.

I was with a sick friend at a hotel at a health resort. The clerk of the hotel was a young man. Several times when I was in the dining room, I saw a lady come to him and embrace and kiss him. It was given to me that she was his sister. I always try to verify things given to me, being curious to *know*; so, I asked a young lady employed in the hotel if she knew if the clerk had a sister who died recently. I had learned by experience to tell whether spirits had been gone a long time, or had recently passed over, by their appearance; the more recent, the more earthly they looked, and the longer they had been gone, the more ethereal or transparent they appeared, and in a whiter light. She said she did not know, but would find out. I cautioned her not to tell him, saying, his faith might be such that he would not be pleased if told of such a demonstration. But she was curious, and broke her word with me. One evening after I had been away, on my return, I found her and the clerk

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the sole occupants of the parlor; she called me in as I passed the door, and told me she could not help telling the young man what I had seen, and wanted me to tell him. He said he had a sister, but that she was living. I described her and told him she had been as a mother to him, their mother having died when he was a baby, and his sister had raised him. His position in the hotel had taken him away from his home, for the first time.

I said if you have a picture of her I can pick it out of a dozen or more. He left the room and soon returned with a number of photographs of young ladies, spread them all on a center table, and remarked: "Is she in that bunch?" I ran my eye over them and immediately picked up a picture of the one I had seen, and said, this is the one I saw, he said: "She is my sister."

It was the first time I had ever seen the spirit of anyone still living in the mortal form. Again—

"We learn from this surprising fact:

* * * * *

The soul without the flesh can act."

VISION IV.

While I was living in my home town a friend of mine, a young man holding a public position and highly esteemed, was taken seriously ill with typhoid fever. He lay very low and no one was allowed to visit his room. I thought I would at least call at the house and enquire about him, and I did so. His wife met me at the door and insisted upon my coming in. She said, "Frank will be so glad to see you if he is rational; I will go and see." She quickly returned and said: "You must come to his room," and led me to him.

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He recognized me as I sat by his bedside, and always wanted me with him as long as he remained conscious. Night came, and they wanted me to sit up with him, which I did, also all the next day. When the second night came his wife said: "I just can't let you go." My presence seemed to have a soothing effect upon the sick man. He always knew me, and if I left the room for a moment would press his face to the pillow and call, as if he was telephoning to me.

I continued to sit up with him the second night. Toward morning I saw indistinctly a vapory form at the bedside. The patient had been very quiet, but now opened his eyes, looked up and down as if seeing some one, and in a surprised tone said very slowly: "Why!—the—Old—Gentleman—stands—here (indicating with his hand), and he says, 'now is the time to say farwell'; and that means me" (touching his breast with his hand); but he did not seem to comprehend what he was saying. I said to his wife's brother who was present, go quick for his wife. She came immediately and I said, go there by the bed, he will know you; she did so, and bending over him said: "Frank, dear, do you know me?" He looked up and said: "Why yes, it's my darling wife," reached both arms out to embrace her and drew her down to him and kissed her. It was his last conscious moment; he fell into a stupor and passed on in the early morning. During the last hour or so several persons were present around his bed; I was watching intently, for I saw a mist forming above him, like a fog gathers over a valley, which grew more dense and outlined in form until I saw distinctly *two* forms of the young man; one the material body on the bed, and the other a vapory form about a foot and a half above the other, but its exact counterpart. Then I began to see other forms moving around; they wove some sort of fabric under the vapory form,

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then there came a loud noise like an explosion, everyone in the room heard it and made a startled exclamation. I said nothing, but with the noise came this message to me, "farewell, we will care for his spirit until he fully awakens in his spirit home;" and the attendants with the reclining new born spirit floated off, seemingly right through the ceiling and wall, they being no obstruction to the flight. The mother of the young man asked to see me before I left the house, so I went to her room. She said: "I want you to tell me what the noises meant that we heard when he was first taken sick. They were so loud we heard them down stairs, and then again when he died." I said, sometimes these things are given as a warning or premonition. Then I told her of the vision I had had in the night, and about her son seeing it, too, and what he said; then she remarked: "It was his father he saw, a long time gone, he always spoke of him as the Old Gentleman." I also told her of seeing his spirit leave the body, and the message that was flashed to me as they floated away. She thanked me and believed my story. How beautiful is the thought, and how natural for our friends and relatives to meet and greet us when we arrive at our new home.

PROPHECIES OF THE VEILED SELF

ADMONITION

If you have read this book with open mind,
And to the author have been fair and kind,
Much profit in reflection you will find.

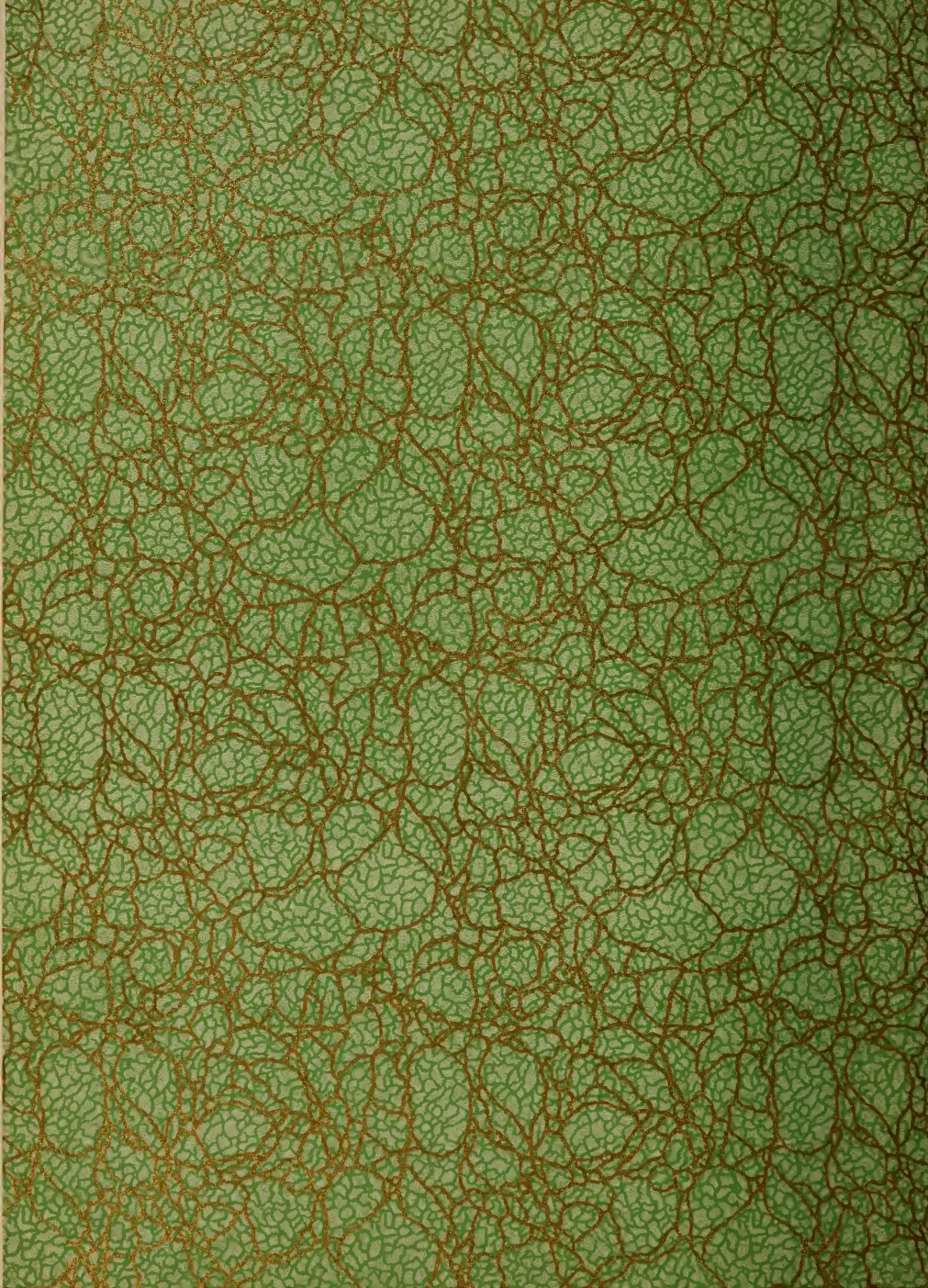
If tolerant you should be—
And would share in Prophecy,
Give heed to what may seem
Only an aimless dream.

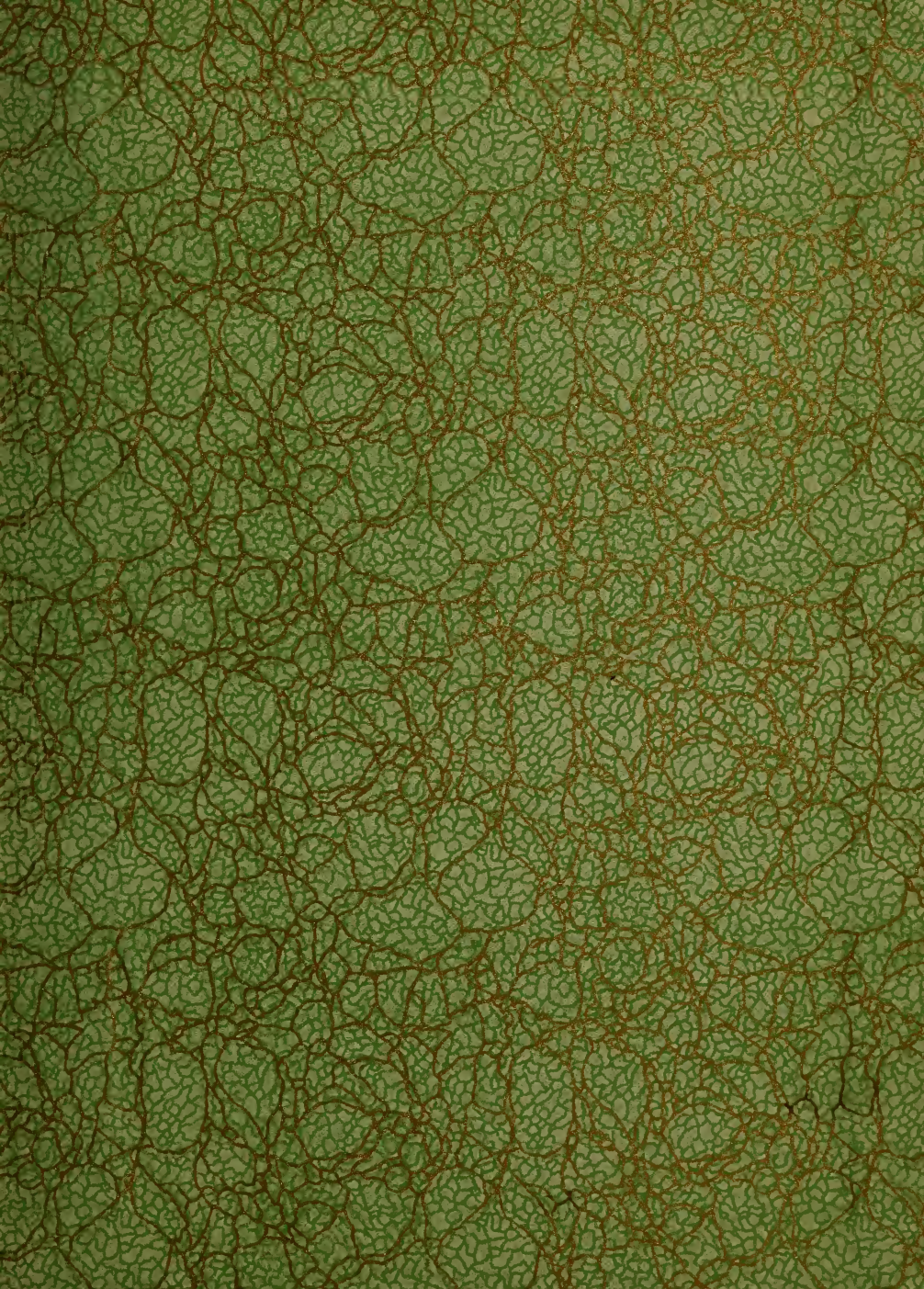
That which lies beyond our ken
Is sometimes shown to us when
The Body in slumber rests;
Then—as one with other guests
In a wondrous Spirit World,
The Soul
May see unfurled
A Scroll,
By one whose power to learn,
And truthfully discern
The needs for future deeds,
Would make of you an instrument
To further Peace or bring Content.

Thyself—The Soul, in Spirit Body free,
May thus be privileged to know and see
What is with design and purpose shown thee.

The Soul while veiled in Mortal Life
Midst sordid toil and endless strife,
Must impress its toll in worth
On God's Mighty Scroll—The Earth.

P. C. N.





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